NEW ENGLAND WEATHER.

Mark Twain's Speech on Fore-Fathers' Day.

"Mark Twain" (Saml. L. Clemens) was one of the speakers at a New England dinner at Delmonico's, New York, on Friday night last, and his toast, as will be seen, led him to speak of the wonders of New England weather. The following is the New York *Herald's* report of his speech.

MARK TWAIN TO THE FRONT.

The next toast was:
"The Oldest Inhabitant—The weather of New England."

Who can lose it and forget it?
Who can have it and regret it?
Be Interposer 'twixt us Twain.
Merchant of Venice.

To this Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) replied as follows:

I reverently believe that the Maker who made us all, makes everything in New England but the weather. I don't know who makes that, but I think it must be raw apprentices in the weather clerk's factory who experiment and learn how, in New England, for board and clothes, and then are promoted to make weather for countries that require a good article, and will take their custom elsewhere if they don't get it. [Laughter] The weather is always doing something there; always attending strictly to business; always getting up new designs, and trying them on the people to see how they will go. [Laughter.] But it gets through more business in spring than in other seasons. In the spring I have counted 136 different kinds of weather inside of four and twenty hours. [Laughter.] It was I that made the fame and fortune of that man that had that marvelous collection of weather on exhibition at the Centennial that so astonished the foreigners. He was going to travel all over the world and get specimens from all the climes. I said: "Don't you do it; you come to New England on a favorable spring day." I told him what we could do in the way of style, variety and quality. [Laughter.] Well, he came, and he made his collection in four days. As to variety, why, he confessed that he got hundreds of kinds of weather that he never heard of before. And as to quality, well, after he had picked out and discarded all that was blemished in any way, he not only had weather enough, but weather to hire out; weather to sell; weather to deposit; weather to invest; weather to give to the poor. [Laughter and applause.] The people of New England are by nature patient and forebearing, but there are some things which they will not stand. Every year they kill a lot of poets for writing about "Beautiful Spring." [Laughter.] These are generally casual visitors, who bring their notions of spring from somewhere else, and can not, of course, know how the natives feel about spring. And so the first thing they know, the opportunity to inquire how they feel has permanently gone by. [Laughter.] Old Probabilities has a mighty reputation for accurate prophecy, and thoroughly well deserves it. You take up the paper and observe how crisply and confidently he checks off what to-day's weather is going to be on the Pacific, down South, in the Middle States, in the Wisconsin region. See him sail along in the joy and pride of his power till he gets to New England, and then see his tail drop. He doesn't know what the weather is going to be in New England. He can't any more tell than he can tell how many president's of the United States there's going to be next year. [Applause.] Well, he mulls over it and by and by he gets out something about like this: Probable northeast to southwest winds, varying to the southward and westward and eastward and points between, high and low barometer, swapping around from place to place, probable areas of rain, snow, hail and drought, succeeded or preceded by earthquakes, with thunder and lightning. [Loud laughter and applause.] Then he jobs down this postscript from his wandering mind, to cover accidents: "But it is possible that the programme may be wholly changed in the meantime." [Loud laughter.] Yes, one of the brightest gems in the New England weather is the dazzling uncertainty of it. There is only one thing certain about it: You are certain there is going to be plenty of weather—[Laughter]—a perfect grand review; but you never can tell which end of the procession is going to move first. You fix up the drought; you leave your umbrella in the house and sally out with your sprinkling pot, and two to one you get drowned. [Applause.] You make up your mind that the earthquake is due; you stand from under and take hold of something to steady yourself, and the first thing you know you get struck by lightning. [Laughter.] These are great disappointments, but they can't be helped [Laughter.] The lightning there is peculiar; it is so convincing. When it strikes a thing, it doesn't leave enough of that thing behind for you to tell whether—well, you'd think it was something valuable, and a congressman had been there. [Loud laughter and applause.] And the thunder. When the thunder commences to merely tune up and scrape and saw, and key up the instruments for the performance, strangers say: "Why, what awful thunder you have here!" But when the baton is raised and the real concert begins, you'll find that stranger down in the cellar with his head in the ash-barrel. [Laughter.] Now as to the size of the weather in New England—lengthways, I mean. It is utterly disproportioned to the size of the little country [Laughter.] Half the time, when it is packed as full as it can stick, you will see the New England weather sticking out beyond the edges and projecting around hundreds and hundreds of miles over the neighboring states. [Laughter.] She can't hold a tenth part of her weather. You can see cracks all about, where she has strained herself trying to do it. [Laughter.] I could speak volumes about the inhuman perversity of the New England weather, but I will give but a single specimen. I like to hear rain on a tin roof. So I covered my roof with tin, with an eye to that luxury. Well, sir, do you think it ever rains on that tin? No, sir, skips it every time. [Laughter.] Mind, in this speech I have been trying merely to do honor to the New England weather—no language could do it justice. [Laughter] But, after all, there is at least one or two things about that weather, (or, if you please, the effect produced by it,) which we residents would not like to part with. [Applause.] If we hadn't our bewitching autumn foliage, we should still have to credit the weather with one feature which compensates for all its bullying varieties—the ice-storm—when a leafless tree is clothed with ice from top to bottom—ice that is as bright and clear as crystal; every bough and twig is strung with ice-beads, frozen dew-drops, and the whole tree sparkles cold and white, like Persia's diamond plume. [Applause.] Then the wind waves the branches and the sun comes out and turns all those myriads of beads and drops and prisms that glow, and hum and flash with all manner of colored fires, which change and change again with inconceivable rapidity, from blue to red, from red to green, and green to gold—the tree becomes a spraying fountain, a very exposition of dazzling jewels; and it stands there the acme, the climax, the supremest possibility of art or nature, of bewildering, intoxicating, intolerable magnificence. One cannot make the words too strong. [Long and continued applause.] Month after month I lay up hate and grudge against the New England weather; but when the ice-storm comes at last, I say, "There, I forgive you now—the books are square between us. You don't owe me a cent. Go, and sin no more. Your little faults and foibles count for nothing. You are the most enchanting weather in the world!" [Applause and laughter.]

"John," said a doctor, of the apothecary's boy, "did Mrs. Green get the medicine I ordered?" "I guess so," replied John, "for I saw crape on the door-knob this morning."

"How is it," said a gentleman to Sheridan, "that your name has not an O attached to it? Your family is Irish and no doubt illustrious." "No family has a better right to O than our family," said Sheridan, "for we owe everybody."

A Chapter on Pork.

The "Sugar-cured" are considered the finest of our American hams, but the imported ones from Hamburg—the celebrated "Westphalia hams"—are superior to anything else in this line. The brine for curing them is made as follows: Six pounds of rock salt, two pounds of powdered loaf sugar, three ounces of saltpetre and three pounds of water. Boil together and skim while boiling. When quite cold pour it over the meat, every part of which will be well covered by the brine. Small pork will be sufficiently cured in five or six days, but hams intended for smoking should, if large, lay in the brine at least four weeks. This pickle, as most others of its kind may be used repeatedly, if boiled up afresh each time with a small addition of ingredients. Before putting into the brine, it should be well washed and wiped dry. In Hamburg, these "Westphalia hams" are smoked in extensive chambers, in the upper stories of high buildings. The smoke is conveyed to these rooms through tubes from fires in the cellar, and it is said it communicates a flavor to the hams far superior to that of ordinary smoke-houses.

Sheep Pay Best.

In "Some Sheep Talk," in the National Live Stock Journal, an experienced stock keeper says: "I have been feeding some 300 head of cattle, and am satisfied that, even with the most favorable conditions for selling when the time comes, I shall make a great deal more money, dollar for dollar, on the money I have invested in sheep than I shall make on the capital I have invested in cattle. I have about 600 sheep, running without any particular attention or care, and have sold $1,400 worth of wool this year's clip, and have 250 lambs besides. I do not think it possible to have done so well on any equal amount of capital invested in cattle. One great advantage sheep have over other stock is, they never die of the contagious diseases which they contract. They get the scab, or foot-rot, or something else, and if unchecked it gets them in bad condition, and would ultimately, perhaps, kill them; but the very worst contagious diseases to which they are subjected gives the owner ample time to treat the affected animal, and the diseases are generally of a character which yield readily to treatment.

A High Sheriff on His Dignity.

Gen. Mattoon of Amherst, Mass., formerly sheriff of Hampton county, on starting one snowy winter many years ago to drive to Northampton to open court, met a team and shouted to the driver, "Turn out! I am high sheriff of the county." The man pulled his coat-collar up around his ears and replied, "I don't care who you are; I am in no great hurry." The result was that the general had to unhitch and lead his horse by, while the stranger went his way. Meeting another team before reaching Hadley, the sheriff tried the same game with better success, saying, "Turn out! I am high sheriff of the county. If you don't I'll serve you as I did a fellow I met back here a piece." The man unhitched in a jiffy, put his sleigh on the bank, and let the sheriff pass, and, as he did so, called out to him, "What did you do with that fellow back there?" "Oh," said the general, "he wouldn't turn out, so I turned out."

The Man Who Fell In.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

Yesterday morning a laboring man who wanted to go to Windsor, but who didn't want to expend a dime for ferriage, started to cross on the ice. He had not progressed but fifty feet from the foot of First street when he got into an air-hole, and was pulled out by men who had been watching him. One of these men was relating the incident in a street car, when a solemn looking passenger bent forward and inquired:

"And did you succeed in resuscitating him?"

"No, sir, we didn't," was the blunt answer. "We pulled him ashore, gave him some whisky, and he went off as lively as a cricket. You don't think I'd be mean enough to resuscitate a poor laboring man, do you?"

The other didn't say.

The other day some of the boys induced a young man from Flint Creek to take hold of the handles of a galvanic battery. As it puckered him up he roared, "Jiminy criminy, let up! Who ever heard of a thing that could make you taste green persimmons with your hands, before?"

Wimple's Boy.

Mr. Wimple has a shop on Grand avenue, also a son and a penchant for big words; words of "learned length and thundering sound." His reading being limited he goes by sound almost entirely, talking by ear, as it were, and when the right expression is unknown to him, coining one that sounds like it, making the most absurd *olla podrida* imaginable.

Now last Tuesday Wimple's boy ran away instead of staying around to mind the shop whenever his parent wanted to go out to see a man. At last Mr. W.'s desire to see the man overcame his devotion to business, so he locked up and started out to hunt that boy. After a weary search he found the truant over on 16th street coasting and tearing his clothes, and yelling and catching cold at a wonderful rate. The irate Wimple seized the young man by his biggest ear and snaked him along toward home quite quick, and as the lad raised himself on his toes to ease the strain, the old man would take up the slack and thus apostrophise him:

"It's almighty similar how you act, young man! I never seen such a young retrograde; such a little sarpint in disguise, as you be. You don't seem to have no predilection for bizness. Now jest cum along o' me. I'll reproduce you to a rawhide and give ye such a instigation as'll stipulate your sluggous factories to more renovated ackshun. You'd exacerbate a monometer o' patience. Your pore ole pap's slavin' along, tryin' to acclimitate a little property to make a canference for your reclinin' age, and all the gratuity you show for it is to go off a slidin' down hill. You're the most unfruittul boy I ever seen, leavin your aged progenitive to bear the bourbon and heat of the day, while you go off rusticatin' in idleness. 'Pears like ye hain't got no renovation for perennial 'thority. But I'll make ye suspect yer father's remands, or I'll take yer pelt. Now jest retract yer steps inter that shop, till I git a strap, and then see if I don't make ye immolate the ensample of the buzzy bee."

It was not long till there arose from that shop, whene'er the rawhide downward fell, so long, so shrill, so wild a yell, you'd thought that boy far from well.

What a silent old world it would be if men talked only as much as they think. A fellow would have to carry a rattle around with him to make a noise with.

Everry man is said to have at least one opportunity to acquire wealth. In the case of a newspaper man this opportunity comes on the 29th of February every year except leap year.

Baron, the singer, is of unusual height—so tall, indeed, that when he went the other day to consult a doctor about a severe cold in the head, the physician said: "My friend you must have got your feet wet last year."

"My son," said a dying grocer to his probable successor to the business, "never put sand in the sugar. Cherish a reputation for fair and honorable dealings with your fellow men, and use terra alba instead: it's quite as heavy, and don't grit the teeth!"

The snow shovelers: Tom—"Hullen, Bill, how's your mate, Jack?" Bill—"Oh, 'e's dead, poor old Jack is, through catchin' a cold a-sweepin' up the snow." Tom—"Poor chap, hi am sorry. Ah, well! 'e won't 'ave to sweep up no snow where 'e's gone to."

The sparrows in the New York City Hall Park get a free lunch every day, and are served by a colored waiter. The sable bird fancier appears promptly every afternoon at three o'clock, with a basket of bread on his arm. He clears away the snow near the fountain, and scatters the bread crumbs upon the ground. A flock of sparrows is always in attendance, and the number of birds seems to increase daily.

"Your Excellency," is the title usually applied to the president of the United States. Tyler, Fillmore and Johnson were called "Your Accidency." It is suggested that if returning board Hayes is seated through the machinations of Chandler & Co., he must and will be called "Your Fraudulency."

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Symptoms of a Diseased Liver.

PAIN in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increases on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder-blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for a rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are costive, sometimes alternative with lax; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight, dry cough is sometimes an attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled, his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred where few of them existed, yet examination of the body, after death, has shown the LIVER to have been extensively deranged.

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NOTICE is hereby given that my wife, Nancy E. Smiley, has left my bed and board without just cause or provocation, and that I will not be responsible for and debts that she may contract.

JOHN SMILEY.

December 20th, 1876.

J. G. FINLEY. W. H. C. FINLEY.

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